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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN THE AMBULANCE

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney beans."

That's what he is muttering,
Making such a song,
Keeping other chaps awake,
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night.

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney beans."

—*Wilfred Wilson Gibson*

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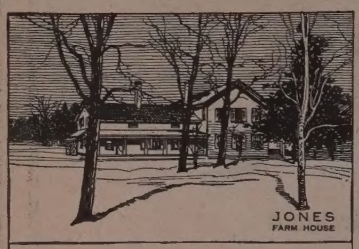

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1916. NUMBER 5

THE ANGEL OF THE SPRING-TIME.

"Angel of the Spring-time," said she,
"Show me where to sow my grain.
Shall I plant it round my door-step,
Or afar there on the plain?"

"At thy feet!" the angel answered,
"Sow at once the nearest field!
First, thy dooryard; then beyond it,
Let new fields new furrows yield.

"Fill the nearest spot with gladness,
Fill thy home with goodness sweet;
Wider fields shall ask thy sowing,
If thou first sow at thy feet

"Thus for thee shall widening harvests
Wave their manifolding grain,
Till the sixty-fold, the hundred,
Gild the dooryard and the plain!"

—*Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.*

The following extract from a private letter expresses the dilemma of the growing multitudes in the United States:

"The Peace Advocate should not be disfranchised, as he cannot consistently vote for either of the old parties. There are the fathers and mothers who do not believe in making military camps out of our great institutions of learning. They do not favor the turning of boys into soldiers and fitting them for the trenches in place of making useful American citizens, as of old. I am one of those fathers who view with horror what is in store for my son."

Nothing is more distressing in the current newspaper pictures than the gruesome testimony of the camera showing how the deft fingers of women are being used in making cartridges with which to kill men. And once in a while we come on a picture of a minister of religion manufacturing bombs in his study to enforce his gospel. Occasionally we hear of bishops appealing to young men to go forth and kill, and we see pictures of archbishops in military uniforms. Surely Browning was right when he said, "It is hard to be a Christian."

Here is a psychological problem. If a hundred physicians, or a hundred lawyers, or even a hundred ministers, were interviewed concerning war and peace, armaments and preparedness, there would be diversity of opinion, a comparison of notes, a discussion of principles. But when a hundred editors are interviewed on those hot questions there is no diversity. Absolute harmony of opinion prevails. Who will account for the dead level agreement of the American press concerning questions that so plow into the hearts of our people.

"The Anti-Prohibition Manual" is the title of a handsomely printed little booklet issued by the Publicity Department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America. Copies can be obtained from 301 United Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. The book is worth reading. The "Drys" might well join forces with the "Wets" in the distribution of this book of statistics. It proves too much in the hands of the intelligent. It is a savage boomerang that comes back on those who would appeal to reason and economy, even morality, in the interest of the intoxicating cup and the demoralizing saloon.

The Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture is out with a bulletin showing how those who enjoy "grazing permits" in the forest ranges can increase the value of their steers by forty dollars per head by paying more attention to breeding. The same is relatively true in sheep raising. From the same department comes the announcement that a hundred and ninety thousand dollars' worth of timber was destroyed by fire last year. Here are directions in which the creative energy of Congress and the Cabinet might be directed, even if for a while they cease their quest for more battleships and big armies.

The Hearst papers are making a great protest against prize-fighting. They are much distressed over "the exhibition that is both brutal and brutalizing. Thousands of young men will attend this demoralizing exhibition (in Madison Square, New York) and, what is worse, hundreds of women will be present. This exhibition is to be held partly under the auspices and protection of an improper law," etc., etc. We sympathize with this indignation, but the same papers are free to encourage the "man-hunt in Mexico," and if the wishes of Mr. Hearst's papers are realized, the government will systematically train the youth of America in the arts of bloodshed and destruction. It surely is hard to be consistent in this world.

The Association of Western Railways has published a pamphlet of forty-eight pages containing editorial comments on the demand of the railway engine-men and train-men for an eight-hour basis for computing wages in freight and yard service with time and a half for overtime. This association would estimate the increase at a hundred million dollars a year. This may be a hardship, but the limitations of the human

body and the efficiency of the service would seem to point to the reasonableness of the demands of the employes. The toils of these men enter into incomes that warrant selfishness, indolence, arrogance and the conceits of war. Has the railroad business ceased to make millionaires in some directions where the service rendered to the world at large, even to the railroads, is a negligible quantity?

"The Confessions of a Hyphenated American" is the title of a lecture by Prof. E. A. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, which has been put into neat covers by the Revell Publishing Company, and can be obtained for 50 cents. It is a sane word at a time and to a people troubled with militant hysteria. No wiser words on the American situation have come to our notice for a long time. He says: "I plead guilty to being one of those 'mollycoddles' and 'college sissies' held up to the ridicule of the populace. I do not believe in war; not until every resource to settle the difficulty without it has been exhausted." Speaking for the hyphen, he says: "In our heart of hearts we love this country more than Germany, Austria or England, or France; we love it above the holy names of Jerusalem or Rome—the Sanctuary of Humanity—America."

What can the United States do to pacify Mexico; at least to put Mexico on the way to peace, and to strengthen the bonds that unite the two neighboring American republics? We would suggest the building of a great memorial hospital in Columbus, N. M., with an international open door. Vera Cruz would be a good place to establish a Mexican Normal School on the American plan to train teachers for the education of Mexican boys and girls. Chihuahua, or some more suitable location, would be greatly pacified if the United States were to establish a great agricultural school with a view of improving farming methods, encouraging agriculture in the semi-tropical latitudes and desert regions. These might bring a crowning defeat to bitterness and militant suspicion. The establishment of a great American university in the City of Mexico would cost less money than has already been expended in mobilizing thousands of men to take a hand in the unsuccessful "hunt" of a few scores of outlaws. Many fine young men, mounted on splendid horses, attended by patient mule teams, are now fighting sand storms, alkali dust, desert heat and the fruitless exhaustion of a march through trackless regions. We submit these suggestions are good generalship as well as good diplomacy. It is a life saving device which the United States might well think upon. Let those who sneer at this doctrine of returning good for evil close their New Testament and cease their Sunday mouthing about the supremacy of love and their devotion to the Prince of Peace.

There is another "drive," to use the latest militant term, made against the treasury of the United States in the interest of widows and orphans. This time it is the widows and orphans of the Cuban war, which would add at once in the neighborhod of two million dollars annual increase of war expenditure. We believe in Government pensions for those who have served the nation well. We believe that widows and orphans are legitimate objects of care, but we join in the protest against the violation of perspective that elevates a ninety-day service in a war that brought but few hardships and less glory to the United States, above the many years of faithful service rendered in the civil departments of the government. The pension roll of the United States reflects but little credit upon those who created it, for the unparalleled generosity of our government in this direction has always been shot through and through with political intrigues and partisan ambitions. William Kent, representative from California, as quoted in *Harper's Weekly* for March 11th, has pricked this bubble of superficial patriotism with the spear of sarcasm, which perhaps is the most effective way to restore legislators to their sanity in these matters. He introduces a bill entitled, "For the Encouragement and Relief of Might-have-been Heroes," which provides:

> That all persons in the United States of warlike aspirations who have been prevented from exhibiting their heroic patriotism and enjoying the emoluments thereof, including the holding of public office, by the action of mollycoddles who have prevented war, shall be examined by a committee consisting of the great militant psychologist, Hugo Munsterberg and the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, and that in consideration of services that they might have performed, if given opportunity under the ennobling conditions of modern war, that they should be granted medals of honor for latent superlative patriotism that they might have exhibited, which might have gone beyond the call of duty, if not prevented from such exhibition by the mollycoddles aforesaid.

The Poetry of the Dune Country

UNITY has had occasion before this to delight in the ability of Earl H. Reed, the artist of the Michigan dune. His last volume, "The Dune Country," just out from the John Lane press, proves him not only the artist but the poet of the dune country. Here are sixty charming sketches, catching most successfully the illusive beauty of the sand dunes by moonlight and sunlight, in twilight and dawn. Into these pictures are etched the scraggy shrubbery,—"The Derelicts of the Sand," "The Heralds of the Storm," "Flying in Flocks." The artist has etched the creeping, crawling things along the shore in a wonderful way. But all these are but decorations to the main theme, the human life developed and sheltered in this, humanly speaking, inhospitable realm lying close to the great metropolis on the banks of Lake Michigan.

"Old Sypes," "Happy Cal," "Catfish John," "Doc Looney," "J. Ledyard Symington" and "Judge Cas-

sius Blossom" have been wonderfully treated by his needle. But the pen has even outreached the clever sketches, and if these quaint, goggle-eyed, mugged, piped and befrowsed neighbors do not become classic figures to the lovers of good literature, it will be because of the prosaic quality of our age and location. The quaint humor, the unmistakable and unique dialect, a language as distinctive as the cockney tongue of London or the brogue of Killarney, is here most skilfully reproduced.

Mr. Reed, like all true poets, sees the humor in this human flotsam and jetsam picked up on the shores of a great city. But also like the true poet he discerns the pathos between the jokes, the tears behind the laughter.

This is a real book because it reflects nature and human nature in hard lines, breaking into beauty notwithstanding. This book deserves immediate popularity, is worthy a place on the home table, reaching from the laborer's cot to the millionaire's mansion, and if it does not get there the fault lies not in the book but with the people. Are we unsophisticated enough, have we left enough inborn refinement to give us the insight that will relish such a fresh, human document as this? Time will tell.

SHALL WE PREPARE?

The new day dawns in blood and fire,
And battle smoke shuts out the light.
The heavy iron-throated choir
Sings songs that only fiends delight.

The hand is raised, the fist is clenched.
Man strikes, O God, what awful blows!
Fair blooming gardens now are drenched
With feverish blood that madly flows.

The new day, born in angry strife,
In horror and the wastes of hate—
What shall it bring to human life?
To what in it shall man awake?

We pause, look up through battle smoke,
To see if light there be above.
Our listening ears through noise invoke
Some accent that God's word shall prove.

Must we, who have not grasped the sword,
Nor loosed the demons of our hate,
Speak now the devastating word,
"Arise and strike, before too late"?

Must we prepare to seize the brands
That fire the treasures man has won,
As fall they must from failing hands
Whose deadly tasks are almost done?

If for our homes and all we love
We must in battle stand or fall,
The price we'll pay, O God above,
If Thy word joins our country's call.

But e'er we shout the battle cry,
Or don the mail of our defense,
We pause and look into the sky
And wait the word that cometh thence.

From out the blue, above the smoke,
Where silence waits God's whispered word,
Amid wild voices we invoke
God's message, by His servants heard.

The new day—shall it bring us joy,
Or grief that breaks the wretched heart?
Shall it our best or worst employ?
What shall in it become our part?

Speak, God, and help us hear Thy voice!
For many clamour 'mid the din.
Thy will to do shall us rejoice,
Thy victory we'll help to win!

Sioux Falls, S. D. LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

Christianity in Assam

Little less than two hundred years since Christianity has been introduced in India.

Christian missions have made splendid works in educating the people, in ameliorating the women, and in civilizing the uncivilized. Its influence amongst the semi-civilized or the uncivilized is most marked and significant.

The lower classes, who are out of sympathy with the higher classes, find ready acception in Christianity. Even now, in spite of so many missionary exertions, there are so few Indian graduates among them, that they may be counted at fingers' end.

As a religion, *ipso facto,* it has no attraction for the higher class Hindus. The reason is: Hinduism includes all phases of religion; and the restriction of caste has considerably slackened. Those, who are not touched by the higher classes, naturally resort to Christianity where they can have help in time of need.

On the other hand, the Europeans themselves (who are too many in Assam as tea-planters) evince lamentable lack of interest in religion, and show great indifference thereto.

Vast sums are being played out in plays, recreations, amusements. Church going is a fashion rarely attended to. Here is a little church purely for Europeans, but its doors are hardly opened once a year!

But it is foolish to suppose that Christ's greatness is denied amongst the non-Christian Hindus.

In Assam, Christianity made rapid strides; especially in hill sections, where there are 423 Christians in every 10,000.

A little less than half the Christians are in Khasi and Jainta hills. There are 3,838,769 Hindus, 1,901,032 Mussalmans, 428 Brahmas, while Christian population is 66,562. Its total population is 7,059,857. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist mission is doing highly excellent work in Khasi and Jainta hills. The Baptist is doing the same, in less degree, amongst the semi-civilized tribes of Assam and the imported coolies from Bengal.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist and the American Baptist claim four-fifths of the Christian population in Assam. From the pure Assamese on the plains there is hardly any recruit now; and there is absolutely none from amongst the Mohammedans.

One Sib Narayan Swami, up-country Brahmin, preached Brahma religion (vedic Hinduism and not Brahmo religion) in Goalpara district which retarded the Christian growth. Indian Christians constitute 959 to every 1,000; and nearly half of them are Presbyterians; and over one-third Baptists, so that practically the remaining sects are not worth mention.

SARAT CHANDRA CHAKRANARTI.

Golaghat, Assam, India, the 4th of January, 1916.

What of the Nation?

The Safeguard for Peace—Mr. Ford's Peace Pilgrimage

In these days of war-madness, when the whole civilized world is crushed under the cost of war and the great nations are bleeding to death on the battle field; when our own nation, yet law-abiding, is disturbed by wild currents of induced hysteria, what is the duty of the sane man? Shall he throw his interests on the side of victory in a war he deems inevitable? Or shall he take his stand in the belief that no war is inevitable and that the patriot and the hero must work bravely for the supremacy of Law?

The true answer is found in these fine words of the Harvard *Crimson*: "The paramount lesson of this war is not the need of attempting to insure for victory in the event of war; we must insure against war itself. The patriotism which it is the peculiar task of the educated college man to exercise must cease to be linked with military service if progress toward universal peace is to be made."

For we must realize that Peace is not merely the absence of a war, "a pale negation," as some writers have stupidly phrased it. Peace is the term of action, of reform, of the upbuilding of personal and of national ideals. Peace is the permanence of Law, and Law ideally represents the best of all possible relations, the relation of freedom, when men can upbuild and create.

The value of Law lies in the opportunity it gives for constructive progress. Peace is reality in human history while war is the ruinous negation. Peace is the period in which constructive acts become possible, the establishment of freedom and justice, of education and sanitation, of commerce and industry, of the removal of barriers and the spanning of continents, the saving of life and the exaltation of spirit, of the discipline of self-restraint and the virtue of helpfulness. There is joy in upbuilding not to be found in the noisy pretense, the ghastliness and the rampant uselessness of War.

Moreover, in war, all laws are silent. In war all worthy aspirations are submerged. War unifies a nation by forcing its elements to meet on the very lowest plane, that of mere self-preservation, one remove only from the plane of mutual complicity in international aggression, which is highway robbery writ large.

And "preparedness" in all its forms beyond the degree, whatever that may be, indicated by ordinary political caution implies always an enemy against whose threatened ruffianism we place ourselves on guard. And as all war is ruffianism the nation which sees our preparation and hears our noisy justification of it, must stand on guard against us. For the military plans of no nation are accepted as righteous save by itself. And when preparedness and mutual recrimination go on long enough, some one touches the secret spring or fires across the border the gun which is the signal for war. This is Europe's experience and this is Europe's lesson to us. The way to avoid war is to keep away from it.

To maintain peace we must realize its worth, its righteousness, its necessity, guarding it at every angle, and reducing systematically and seriously all incentives to war. When nations are armed, a very few men, a very small accident, may turn the scale. To lose at one point is to lose at all. Fear, hatred, jealousy, political urgency may be excuses for armament, but in the armament itself is found the true cause of war. Every war system, whatever its original purpose, "clamors for expression." In the minimum, therefore, never the maximum of armament lies the safeguard for peace.

Through excess of military activity, through weakness of government and through resultant injustice and crime, the nations of Europe have fallen into a helpless slough of mutual destruction, so abominable, so ruinous, so preposterous, so devilish that any adjective we may apply to it shrivels in inadequacy.

And no man, great or small, sees any way out of it short of absolute obliteration of the people behind one set of belligerents or the other. But this involves calamities as yet not dreamed of. Moreover, we have definite assurance that the rulers of nearly every nation concerned would welcome any escape which should give peace with a semblance of victory, enough to save their royal or their ministerial face.

Into this deadlock of history leaps Henry Ford, man of business and man of ideals, with two ancient remedies, newly applied, "Demonstration" and "Mediation."

The time for cheap jibes is past. Henry Ford is a factor in the struggle—a factor great or small, but unquestionably for good. We must recognize that he is in earnest and that he is working for righteousness in the moment of the world's greatest crisis. If his work shortens the war by a day he will save a day's waste and a day's suffering. The cost of half an hour's war will outweigh all expenses of the cruise of the "Oscar II."

But he might have managed the business better, you may say. This may be, but first let us be thankful that he managed it at all. He had the benefit of nobody's experience, and he was dealing with the culmination of blunders in a blundering world. A rationally governed Europe would never have prepared itself for death by such a conflict. It would never have needed a Henry Ford to save it from itself.

To Mr. Ford, some such view of the case was presented by persons who knew the facts at first hand. Notable among these were Jane Addams, Rosika Schwimmer and Louis Lochner. This presentation awakened an immediate response.

In a letter dated November 27, 1915, Mr. Ford writes to the persons first chosen for this "pilgrimage" in this fine and earnest fashion:

"From the moment that I realized that the world situation demands immediate action, if we do not want the fire to spread any further, I joined those international forces which are working towards ending this unparalleled catastrophe. This I recognize as my human duty.

"There is full evidence that the carnage which already has cost ten millions of lives, can and is expected to be stopped through the agency of a mediating conference of the six disinterested European nations, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and Spain, and the United States.

"Envoys to thirteen belligerent and neutral governments have ascertained in forty visits that there is a universal peace desire. This peace desire, for the sake of diplomatic etiquette, never can be expressed

openly or publicly until one side or the other is definitely defeated or until both sides are completely exhausted.

"For fifteen months the people of the world have waited for the governments to act: have waited for governments to lead Europe out of its unspeakable agony and suffering, to prevent Europe's entire destruction. As European neutral governments are unable to act without co-operation of our government, and as our government, for unknown reasons, has not offered this co-operation, no further time can be wasted in waiting for governmental action.

"In order that their sacrifice may not have been in vain, humanity owes it to the millions of men led like cattle to the slaughter-house, that a supreme effort be made to stop this wicked waste of life.

"The people of the belligerent countries did not want the war. The people did not make it. The people want peace. It is their human right to get a chance to make it. The world looks to us, to America, to lead in ideals. The greatest mission ever before a nation is ours.

"This is why I appealed to you as a representative of American democracy. . . . It is for this same reason that I repeat my appeal to you and urge you to join a peace pilgrimage. . . . .

"From all these various delegates will be selected a small deliberative body which shall sit in one of the neutral capitals. Here it will be joined by a limited number of authorities of international promise from each belligerent country. This international conference will frame terms of peace, based on justice for all, regardless of the military situation. . . . .

"I respectfully beg of you to respond to the call of humanity and join the consecrated spirits who have already signified a desire to help make history in a new way. The people of Europe cry out for you."

These are very noble words and they were uttered by a man who could and would put them into action. They deserve a high place among the utterances we cherish as classic. They express the true spirit of America.

And now I may be pardoned a word of regret, a regret that the Commission of Continuous Mediation was not wholly separated from the public call for Peace. The plan of the "Peace Pilgrimage" involved two separate lines of action: "Demonstration" and "Mediation." The first is the work of the "Oscar II," and its very essence is emotion and publicity. The essence of mediation is patient endeavor by men who know the problems of Europe and who will work earnestly and quietly, through wide acquaintance and widening effort towards their solution. The best men in America, those wisest, most influential, most widely conversant, would be none too good for this work, and the right men cannot be designated offhand. The work of the "Oscar II" is wholly different in nature, and the consecrated enthusiasts chosen to hold aloft the banner of peace could not supply the self-effacing agents of mediation.

But at the end you may say the fighting world will ignore them both, pilgrims or mediators, and make peace in the old way, with its old machinery. Certainly the final strokes will be made by the diplomatists, and the influences that work in quiet will never be recognized or estimated. That is quite true. Effective mediation will lead to no notoriety of any kind. The reward is in the final result, and it is by no means certain that even the wisest efforts would produce any positive effect. But there can be no nobler motive for action. Peace, real peace, the peace of mutual respect and mutual trust is the greatest blessing this troubled world can ask. We may not doubt or despise any effort designed to secure it.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

From *Sunset* for February.

Patriotism and The Patriot

There seems to be great need of a new conception as well as a new definition of patriotism and the patriot, the world over. "Our country right or wrong," has had its day fully and has done its work beyond peradventure. Every war has been based upon it, every nation has been builded according to it, and almost every patriot still offers it as the highest conception of national life that he has ever heard of. Between nations every contract and every expedient is governed by its puissant influence. Diplomacy and arbitration not less than purchase and conquest have their justification in the "rightness" of one nation irrespective of the "rightness" claimed by all others. To raise one's voice, swing one's cap and fight to the death for one's flag supercede all other evidences of patriotism as yet practiced. To compose an acceptable national hymn—a Star Spangled Banner, a Marseilles, a Deutchland Uber Alles, a God Save the King—places one on the pinnacle of patriotic fame.

Yet how terrible are many of the consequences of this universal slogan, all history attests. Granting that certain kinds of so-called "good" have likewise accrued, granting in fact all that can legitimately be claimed for it by way of stimulating patriotic duty and achievement, it yet remains that national selfishness, sustained mostly by sentiment that is no less selfish, is in no sense more conducive to real good, than is the individual selfishness that is supported by "slogans" similarly disregardful of consequences to other people. To know one's real right, to claim it, and even to battle for it if necessary, may be granted as quite right in itself, and needs no particular defense. But the time has come when what is "right" itself ought to be a little more strictly defined than has been evident in what the common practice has been. Right is not derived from might, no matter when or where or by whom. Greed is no basis of right, whether felt by peasant or king. Passion justifies neither purpose nor achievement, if this be all, or its chief motive. Lies and deceptions, and threats and feints are no basis for the patriotism that ought to abound, hoary and vaunted as all these are. It is never patriotic in the true sense for one nation to thrive at the enforced expense of another, common as this is in both theory and practice. The seal of death is set ineffaceably on the forehead of all such nationalism no matter how powerful and exultant it happens at any particular time to be. History proves this at a glance—witness every nation thus far figuring in its pages. History will prove it, I venture to say, as long as such a sentiment and such a practice prevails.

What, then, is the patriotic sentiment and practice that ought universally to prevail, as between nations

and individuals, or as between one individual and another? Evidently none other than, what is actually good for one politically is good for all, providing due heed be given to the certain inherent peculiarities, and in no wise require interference from outside, and if left to themselves will work out only that which is good for the particular section of the world. Obviously those who are most nearly and most materially concerned should be left to judge for themselves just the kind of political structure that will best serve their own purposes, but also without detriment to others. Thus a nation that persisted in being unsanitary, and consequently a menace to the health and prosperity of its neighbors, might need be taught and even forced to clean up and otherwise fall in line with progressive civilization. Likewise a nation that always stood ready to pounce upon a weaker one, or in any way to interfere with local autonomy, might need to be even forcibly taught by the rest of the world to mind its own business according to the best conception of this that the world in common happened to be governed by. Often it might happen, too, that the interests of all nations would require greater intelligence or better conduct on the part of some particular nation than of herself she would give assuring evidence of.

But in no sense or at any time would this mean or require that interference should be aggressive beyond the needs of the common safety, or for the subsequent aggrandizement of the nation or nations so interfering. Always for the best conceived good of all, rather than for the best imagined good of any particular one, should be the object aimed at, and should govern the methods employed to achieve it.

Of course this at once brings up the questions as to what peoples in reality a nation should consist of, and just where national boundaries should be drawn. In most respects race and present occupancy would furnish as good a basis as practicable, at the present time, and with a very few readjustments would serve many generations to come equally well, at least until something better could be amicably devised. The English in England, or in separate states made out of her present colonies, the French in France, Germans in Germany, Russians in Russia, Turks in Turkey, and so on, especially as progressively modified by free intercourse and free exchange of products between them, would serve the purpose of advancing civilization well enough, without any warlike attempts to readjust boundaries whatever. Only let the whole world learn and stand by and evolve from the conception of the good of all, instead of that of a particular few, no matter whether a nation, or a dynasty or an individual, and national boundaries will in no wise mean nearly so much as what goes on within them that the whole world can profit by. Attica was not very large, nor was Egypt, nor Crete, nor Old Rome, nor the Isle d' France, nor the Plymouth Colony, nor the frontier settlements of the West; but what went on within these seminal boundaries, and what has since evolved from them, concerns nearly the whole world at the present time, in some degree or shape or other. No modern nation—a Portugal, or Switzerland, or Holland, or Rhode Island or Liberia—need despair because it has not co-extensive territory with which to rival or overcome its neighbors. Their permanent prosperity will depend much more upon just what they are and what they can develop and give to the rest of the world for its actual good, than upon any sort of territorial ambition.

Not jealousy of size, then, not greedy yearning for greater extent, not a more conspicuous "place in the sun," should be the national standard of worth and patriotic devotion; but what it can reflect back from the light received, what light it can evolve for its own vision and that of the world besides, what strength it can show by way of internal stability and for its own progress, what skill it can exercise for its own development and polishing and general richness and righteousness, as well. Once let national jealousies and rivalries and emulations and satisfactions be inseparably related to these wholesome conceptions of national purpose and worth, and the difference to the whole world would be simply inestimable, while that to each nation would suffer not a whit because of it. In this case the gain would be not only particular but universal; and nations could exult as never before in what they really might be, rather than in what they superficially aspired to be. Idealistic? Yes, admittedly and exultingly so. But something like this must sometime become the firmest of actualities, if the civilized world is ever to realize what should be justly its due. Modern intelligence and skill and spirit and hope all point to something like it, so much seemingly to the contrary, notwithstanding.

This leads directly to the discussion of what patriotism shall really consist in, and how it shall best be expressed upon occasion.

Obviously, if the object of national life is best conceived as the good of every nation as well as of some particular one, it follows that the object of every individual's interest in his nation should be equally universal, and the expression of patriotism in any case should be, "The World Over All, and All for the Whole World," or something equivalent to this. Instead of exalting a nation because it stands great in the scale of territory or population, let our huzzas go up because we recognize that our nation occupies a scale most honorable in the scale of internal development, literary, artistic, social and philosophical presentation, and in all such practical progress as can be copied and profited by on every hand. On this scale the nation that best regards the rights and achievements and appreciations and hopes of everyone within its own borders; that can show the greatest advancement in individual freedom consistent with the safety of the commonwealth; that can point to its industries, its architecture, its adornments, its universal comforts, its useful enterprises, its literature, its general cheerfulness, its wisdom and its worship, with the most confidence that they are worthy of acceptance and imitation by all, is the model upon which the eye of every citizen of any nation should be ideally fixed, and the one which should win his practical fealty and support without limitation. If the average citizen has this model in mind, all his political and patriotic influence will necessarily be energized accordingly, whenever there is any need of expression on his part, whether at the huskings, the polls, in legislative halls, or in executive chairs. All his patriotism will go to the support of the high ideals that his model state, whether his own or another's, shall manifest. Mere hurrahing for his country or his flag in the ordinary sense will soon be superceded by lustier voicings of his love for the whole world.

No discussion of patriotism can be entirely serviceable that does not lead to a notion at least of what it is to be "unpatrotic," or worse, "treasonable." Treason is aiding, abetting, sympathizing with the enemy in times of war. In order to be treasonable, usually there must first be war. Then, anyone who says much that is favorable to the "enemy," who discourages the idea of continuing the war, who believes that fighting is not the true way to settle the difficulty, who, in fact, opposes by thought and voice and activity the presumptions and declarations of what is called "The State," is either guilty of treason and liable to prosecution and punishment as such, or else is considered unpatriotic and worthy only to be condemned and exorcised beyond restoration.

Yet how often is it, and how often do subsequent events prove that the exceptional thinker and feeler and actor who is in the opposition, is after all in the right, at least as much as anyone, and by no means deserved the treatment accorded him at the time of his discomfiture. A conspicuous instance was that of Lincoln during the first months of the great civil war. He was called "traitor," "unpatriotic," and all the rest by those who afterward were fain to admit that he and not themselves was truly in the right. Another instance was that of the late Charles Elliot Norton, who during the Spanish War opposed it and tried to influence people not to go to it. Yet probably there was never an American citizen who more devotedly had the best interests of his country at heart than this same spurned and maligned, yet true, patriot. It has not followed, it cannot follow, that, because those high in authority and the great multitude following their beck believe in and declare war, no other citizen has any right to oppose it and try to help others see another and perhaps better way out of the difficulty. Surely, to be true to one's self under such circumstances, if not prudent, is still to be commended without stint or animadversion. In fact, it may turn out that only those who are thus true to their own vision and convictions may be the patriotic ones in any sense that will stand the test of time. If this be so, then who in reality are the "traitors" and the "unpatriotic" ones of any particular time? Quite surely it might be alone those who have precipitated the country into a war that is not only not warranted, but must do everlasting damage to the citizenship that must necessarily fight its battles, suffer its losses, and be degraded because of its moral degeneracies. Here, then, is the need of a new conception and a new definition of the Patriot as distinguished from his opposite, the unpatriotic or traitorous. The patriot should be defined as the one who feels and thinks and acts the best for his country as a part of the whole world; the unpatroitic or traitor, whether of high or low station, as the one who jeopardizes the betterment of his own or any other nation, and brings an unnecessary loss and cruelty and suffering and degradation, through unjustified war. Only in times of actual invasion from enemies that have not been provoked or purchased or invited to be the aggressors, should the old conceptions of patriotism and the patriotic be longer tolerated by thinking people. A war of aggression can scarcely be conceived that can justify any other conception of the true patriot, than as one who has an absolute right boldly, persistently and loudly to criticize, discuss, oppose and actually prevent, if possible, any course of the State that to him seems uncalled for, as silly, subversive, dangerous, vindictive, cruel, blundering, selfish or devilish, or all these together. It may take unusual courage as well as unusual clarity of vision to enable one to take such a stand; but this does not alter the right one whit to think and act for what is considered best for one's country as a part of the whole world, any more than for one's own self as an integral part of humanity. The odds are greater, it is true; but the principle is the same. The principle and its exercise are needed as a preventive of every war in the future, that promises to be only an imitation of those of the past.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

The Maiden's Problem

By Alexander Webster

Another Study of Shakespearean Women

Shakespeare took delight in showing a woman on her mettle, with all her mental resources in urgent demand, and as an example of such he presented Rosalind, witty and winsome, the ablest and most charming of his maidens.

With comprehensive apprehension he saw that the moral pressure of life came upon the maid as on the matron, with special demands on her intelligence and will; and all his young characters are under it in some degree. It is by their realization of and their endeavors to respond rightly to the pressure that they rise to the heroic and are admirable.

As You Like It presents the case of the poor, dependent woman, intellectually capable, and chaste in spirit, but brought up to do nothing, and having no deliverance but by marriage in the manner of her class.

When the heroine first appears she is under the shadow of her father's banishment, and her natural merry disposition is saddened. Her cousin and compassionate chum bids her be "merry" again. But her gloom is too heavy to be thrown off. She has been showing more mirth than she actually felt. Though Celia seeks to rally her spirits, she, too, is beclouded by the action of her "rough and envious" father. There is such sympathy between the cousins that they are one in feeling.

To please Celia, Rosalind says she will thenceforth "devise sports," and humorously suggests "falling in love." The proposition strikes Celia rather seriously and she demurs to anything that cannot be done in "the safety of a pure blush." She is open to some mocking of fortune for her unequal allocation of gifts, but not to anything rash or unmaidenly.

Their sadness has made them considerate, but with her subtler brain Rosalind sees that the disparities complained of by Celia belong to Nature. The thoughtful maid perceives that "the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women," but she also discerns that, under her misplacement, Nature works in conservation of "her own lineaments."

The short introductory colloquy of the maidens serves to show their state of mind. Their circumstances have made them grave; "the gifts of the world," grievous for them, have caused sombre reflection. They have found themselves out of harmony with their surroundings and feel the need of freedom and means of womanly growth.

Into the soul of Rosalind the iron of her outcasting has gone, but she is too wise to resent. The Duke holds to the conventional conception of women as rivals and enemies and would set the cousins against each other. He perversely says to Celia:

> . . ."thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
> When she is gone."

The pretext is but half the reason, for he hates Rosalind for being her father's daughter. But the comrades will not be separated. Celia declares:

> "We still have slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
> And wheresoe'r we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled, and inseparable."

Their comradeship has been their happiness. They feel that a complementary chumship is the solution of the relationship of woman to woman. Co-operation, not competition, is the principle of life for them.

So they decide to hold together and as one face the future. And with fine instinctive purity they determine that nothing shall be done rashly, or to compromise chastity.

The inherent sprightliness of Rosalind is subdued by her helplessness. She is poor and without material resource, but she can no longer endure dependence on one who hates her. Still she is strong enough in mind to take the sentence of banishment without whimpering. She will not admit the charge of treachery and go forth as a culprit, but with a clear conscience, and a quiet resolve to proceed on a hopeful experiment.

Strong in virginal determination and lovely in their comradeship, the maidens go forth, with the temporary artifice of disguise.

In presenting the maiden's problem, Shakespeare was true to its moral complications in setting Rosalind and Celia to it chastely resolved. Their resolution was at least half if not the whole of the solution. Whatever happened they would be true to their own maidenhood and have no shame of their own making. They had the handicap of beauty fatal to so many women of the vainer sort.

> "Alas, what danger will it be to us,
> Maids as we are to travel forth so far?
> Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold."

For a moment Rosalind lost her mental courage, but she truly divined the danger that most nearly beset them. She had been observant and in her own simple way detected lust corrupted men, and shrunk from them.

But in the faith expressed by Celia:

> "We go to liberty and not to banishment."

she yielded to the persuasion of the counsellor in her breast, which assured her, we are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and have not hoisted sail, we can drift. The current knows the way though we do not.

In the forest the strong ability of Rosalind comes out. Her maidenliness is not of the ordinary passive sort that makes the woman content to be treated as an ornament or a toy, but is aggressive and critical. With an alert practicality she is installed in a cottage, and very soon shows herself mistress of the situation, "albeit she is still in boy's clothes."

The two maidens are not "foolish runaways," but are really out in protest against rough treatment, having upon them the vindication of their rights and a desire for freedom to grow in spirit. They are sick of "painted pomp" and fain for a sincere and sweet society. Love has Rosalind strongly by the heart, but she dare hardly avow it.

Though "As You Like It" is in the form of a comedy, it is really as serious essentially as Hamlet. It does not become tragic, but the problems of life implied or discussed in it are profound, and its ethical influence is weighty.

We would not strain its motive if we were to interpret it as meant to show what is morally due to woman. That intention is implicitly shown in the first scene, in which the two reflective maidens appear, by Rosalind when she speaks of the mistakes fortune makes in her gifts to women. Evidently Rosalind has well considered the needs of woman, and the gifts which the world blindly proffers to her. She feels that the painted things are not real, that the court atmosphere is not healthy, and is deeply hungry for truthful conditions.

Her badinage with Orlando, so chaffing and sparkling, about promises in love, is really an assertion of the honesty belonging to true courtship, and the morality which should characterize all the dealings of man with woman. She stands over her lover with an exacting audacity which is a cloak for an intensely serious sense of what men and women feel are due to each other.

"Break an hour's promise in love!" she exclaims in well acted indignation. In her view the disregard of punctuality is unforgivable, and the late lover the worst of malefactors.

Orlando is rather dense and slow and completely puzzled about Rosalind. She, in the disguise which he has not pentrated, has to produce sanity in him and teach him the elements of duty as a wooer.

> "Love is merely a madness,"

she says to him ironically,

> "Yet I profess curing it by counsel."

The doublet covers her raillery, and under it she says things she dare not say as Rosalind. In amazement he listens to the witching voice that tells him there must be no fast and loose playing with promises, no slowness, no undervaluing of a woman's heart, but the most thoughtful, ardent and devoted respect for her reciprocal regard. The strain of her chiding and counsel shows the strenuous loyalty of her own heart. She is the advocate of fervent, incorruptible love and an example of the fountain of affection of which Dr. Salesby said "the maternal breast is the fount whence love has flowed."

The comedy is not a glorification of the love of man and woman only, but is an illustration of the grace there may be in the love of woman for woman. The relationship of the cousins is exquisite in its rich and sweet affectionateness. They match each other exactly and their differences tend to mutual respect and enjoyment.

In love herself, fathoms deep, Rosalind is, but not with any gush of sentiment. Her presence in the forest is purifying. It may not be that she had the impression of which Thoreau speaks: "There is something indescribably inspiriting and beautiful in the aspect of the forest. The very uprightness of the pines and maples asserts the ancient rectitude and vigor of nature. Our lives need the relief of such a background, where the pine flourishes," but she had

a subconsciousness that existence sometimes needed to be "turned out of doors into the moors." She inhaled the freshness of the forest with joy. Of her it might be said what was told of the Persian Lilla: "She was an elemental force, and astonished by her amount of life, day after day radiating. Every instant, redundant joy and grace all around her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society. Where she is present all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatever she did, became her."

It is remarkable that we have no description of the features of Rosalind. She speaks of herself as "more than common tall," but we have no detail regarding her looks. Orlando's glance at the cousins as they stood to witness the wrestling showed him their "fair eyes," but there is no particular description in the words. The impression she makes on us is spiritual. We are made magnetically aware of her intellectual qualities, her quickness at repartee, her incisive judgment and lofty moral influence.

She was sensible enough to see that the forest was not paradise. The pollution of the sensual world was upon it. Jacques emits his vicious vomit over the fair scene, and it takes all the ardor of Orlando's idealistic love to counteract it. He winces with sullied conscience under her reproof of his "chiding God," and being one of those who "betray themselves to every modern censure."

In contrast to Rosalind we have Phebe in the ordinary conceited stupidity of the flirt. The sharp-eyed maiden notes the "leathern hand, free stone colored," of the forest nymph, but she would have let it pass had not the vulgar scorn of the senseless damsel for her earnest lover inflamed her wrath. She exploded on the amazed flirt:

> "'Tis such fools as you
> That makes the world full of ill favoured children.
> Down on your knees
> And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love."

The reproof gave Phebe ideas and altered her mien to Corin.

Even Touchstone, who has a reservation for court society and tells Audrey that she is lost because she has never been in it, takes on some of the awe of the forest, and becomes willing to believe that "the universal soul has an interest in the stacking of hay, the foddering of cattle, and the draining of peat meadows."

As allied to a chaste sexual love, Shakespeare notes the service which "sweats for duty not for need," illustrated in the case of old Adam.

The plot of the comedy turns upon the opening of Orlando's eyes to the identity of Rosalind. The process is protracted and gives Rosalind opportunity for her teasing magnetism. She enjoys the puzzlement heartily and does it to perfection. Her first instinctive estimate of Orlando was "gentle, strong and valiant." Had she seen him in his compassion with his faint servitor, she would have been assured that as a husband he would be loyal. But she never had any doubt about him, and loved him at first sight.

So the comedy promotes spontaneous spiritual love and makes the woman's experience and expression of such love as important as that of the man. In fact, it is the special business of the play to show the assertiveness befitting the maiden in her love. It approves the confidence which a maid, in the "safety of a pure blush," may well put in the affection that springs up (as from a fount of divine emotion) in her heart, and shows that the chastely resolved maid, like the "man of independent mind," who though poor is "king o' men," is queen of maidens and has in her power the solution of the radical problems belonging to human relationships.

THE BOOK LOVER

Bees in Amber

How did it happen? That is what puzzles me. Here is a tiny book of sweet song, now in its sixteenth edition, and yet I never saw it until today. 'Tis very, very strange and makes me half mad at myself. It wears a yellow overcoat, on the wrapper of which we read this invitation:

> "This outer wrap is only meant
> To keep my coat from detriment.
> Please take it off, and let me show
> The better one I wear below."

When we take off the coat we discover a delicate amber robe, soft to the eye, with bees on the fly-leaves, and so the name of the book, "Bees in Amber," by John Oxenham. (Methuen & Co., London.) Truly, it is well named, for here is honey in the honeycomb, and on the first page we read this credo, worth more than a ton of sermons:

> Not what, but Whom, I do believe,
> That, in my darkest hour of need,
> Hath comfort that no mortal creed
> To mortal man may give;—
> Not what, but Whom!
> For Christ is more than all the creeds,
> And His full life of gentle deeds
> Shall all the creeds outlive.
> Not what I do believe, but Whom!
> Who walks beside me in the gloom?
> Who shares the burden wearisome?
> Who all the dim way doth allume,
> And bids me look beyond the tomb
> The larger life to live?—
> Not what I do believe, but Whom!"

Surely those lines are worth their weight in gold, for that they go down to the roots of things—showing that religion, to be personal, must have to do with a Person. More than philosophy, more than an order of ideas, however noble and lucid, it is a fellowship. On the next page is a song for "New Year's Day—and Every Day," beginning, or rather continuing, the same sweet note of companionship:

> Each man is captain of his Soul,
> And each man his own Crew,
> But the Pilot knows the Unknown Seas,
> And He will bring us through.

How can one tell in a few fleeting lines the treasures of insight and beauty one finds in this little book of faith and hope and life. It sings of seeds that wake up in the Spring, of nightfall and shadows and the clearer vision of stars which daylight hides in depths of blue; of the inn of life, its checker-board of nights

and days; of the word left unsaid, and the judgment day; of the Day and the Way:

Not for a single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know—
Who gives the day,
Will show the way,
So I securely go.

There may be a wiser faith and a profounder philosophy, but just now I do not remember it. It bids us "bide a wee" till we have learned to do our best and leave the rest with Him who gave us life, and to "keep on keeping on" whatever betide, since dreariest roads shall have an ending, and broken hearts are for God's mending, and "All's Well." What though every nerve be strained to find accomplishment, and full oft life fail, spent before the prize is gained? What if evil assail, and temptation try us, there is a way to outwit the enemies of the soul, a strategy that never fails:

Each sin has its door of entrance.
Keep——that——door——closed!
Bolt it tight!
Just outside, the wild beast crouches
In the night.
Pin the bolt with a prayer,
God will fix it there.

Now, if ever I do one-half the things I dream of doing, one will be to make a Poet's Life of Jesus. There is hardly a scene, or a great saying, in the life of Christ that some poet has not touched with his wand and interpreted. If these scattered gems of beauty and vision are ever brought together, it will be one of the greatest books ever known. And this singer will help me, since no one else has written of what Huxley called "the Gadarean Pig Affair." As we may read:

Rabbi, begone! Thy powers
Bring loss to us and ours.
Our ways are not as Thine.
Thou lovest men, we—swine.
Oh, get Thee hence, Omnipotence,
And take this fool of Thine!
His soul? What care we for his soul?
What good to us that Thou hast made him whole,
Since we have lost our swine?

But I must have done; not, however, without mention of "A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace," a noble chant celebrating the glory of simple things we overlook, for that we seek too high for things nearby. 'Tis a lesson in thanksgiving we need to learn, like many another which the Bees bring to us from the garden of life of man in this golden little book. It is sweet. It is wise. It has a heart of hope. It looks forward, forseeing a fair, far time hidden now by clouds of battle-smoke,

When Christly thought and Christly deed
Shall bind each heart and nation,
In one grand Brotherhood of Men,
And one high consecration.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part" is the bombastic title of a forthcoming volume of reprinted addresses and magazine articles by Mr. Roosevelt, which Messrs. Doran will publish. It is comforting to know that it is only God whom we have to fear. We had gathered from Mr. Roosevelt's recent utterances that it was the Germans.—*The Dial.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

VI.

Pelagius

TEXT: *"My own hope is, a sun will pierce*
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched."
—Robert Browning.

Pelagius is a neglected name in the study of Christianity, and for obvious reasons. He espoused an unpopular heresy, an opinion that is held as heretical today throughout the Protestant as well as the Catholic churches, with only the negligible exception of the Unitarian, Universalist, progressive Quaker and similar bodies. We will find Pelagius a much more spiritual, intellectual and vital heretic than Arius, although Unitarian antecedents glorify Arius and his heresy.

Tradition has it with more or less confidence that the name Pelagius is a Greek translation of the word Morgena or Morgan, meaning sea birth. Many writers assign Britain as his native country, but Jerome ridicules him as a "Scot," which in those days might mean a native of Scotland, Ireland or Wales. Tradition agrees that this man of obscure origin, who was born somewhere in the last of the fourth century and flourished in the first years of the fifth, was a monk but not a priest, never having taken holy orders.

This man became a thorn in the side of Augustine and provoked his most vehement energies. He was tried and tried again, released, restored, accused and finally stayed accused and died in obscurity, it is said, somewhere in Palestine when about seventy years old. There grew up with him, sharing his experiences and trials, Cælestius and Julian. These three were excommunicated more than once. Cælestius, a Roman lawyer, seems to have disappeared from history in much the same way as Pelagius. Julian, a deposed Bishop, retired into Sicily, where he became a beloved priest, noted for his kindly deeds, and it is said that on his tomb the natives caused to be inscribed, "Julian, Catholic Bishop," showing the local church did not propose to accept the excommunication of the northern council.

The contention of Pelagius is represented in the charges brought against him at the famous council in Carthage in 412 A. D., found in the theses of Cælestius:

1. Even if Adam had not sinned, he would have died.
2. Adam's sin harmed only himself, not the human race.
3. Children just born are in the same state as Adam before his fall.
4. The whole human race neither dies through Adam's sin or death, nor rises again through the resurrection of Christ.

5. The (Mosaic) Law is as good a guide to Heaven as the Gospel.
6. Even before the advent of Christ there were men who were without sin.

The story is told in long meter in the Catholic Encyclopedia. We do not have the words of either Pelagius, Cælestius or Julian only as they appear in the reports of councils, and as quoted by Jerome, Augustine and others. It is the story of a man described as "tall in stature and portly in appearance," highly educated, whose moral character was never questioned. He simply "believed too much in human nature."

Pelagius was tried at Ephesus. From there the case was carried to Jerusalem. Another trial before a Greek Council failed through his ignorance of the Greek language. He was tried again in Sicily, one of the charges against him being that he taught that a rich man must give away his goods in order to get to Heaven. At Carthage, sixty-nine bishops acted upon his case, the decision being a sort of open verdict. He was allowed to go free but asked to "abstain from nice and curious questions which did not tend to education." He was then declared "thoroughly Catholic," "a man of unimpeachable faith who has been wrongfully defamed." But at a Council of the African Church in 418 his doctrines were anathematized by the Bishops and Pelagius and Cælestius were banished from Rome in spite of an appeal made to the civil authorities. A quarter of a century later Pope Leo was still troubled about the heresy, and in the fifth century Pope Gelasius tried to suppress outbreaks of Pelagianism.

Gibbon writes of this heresy:

The Pelagian doctrine, which was first agitated A. D. 405, was condemned, in the space of ten years at Rome and Carthage. St. Augustine fought and conquered; but the Greek Church was favorable to his adversaries: and (what is singular enough) the people did not take any part in a dispute which they could not understand.

They did take a great part in the Trinitarian controversy, which by implication they could understand. They were equal to discussing the nature of God, but not the nature of man.

Gibbon tells us that "the British clergy incessantly labored to eradicate the Pelagian heresy, which they abhorred, as the peculiar disgrace of their native country."

Augustine's triumph obtained for a thousand years. It was reaffirmed in the scholasticism of the Catholic Church and was resurrected in the hard, clear logic of John Calvin. This assumption still obtains in all the effective churches of Christendom from Rome to the last convention of the Congregationalists at New Haven. Augustine's great work was to knock out the two great heresies, the heresy of Arian as opposed to Athanasius' teaching, making the Trinitarian conception of God authoritative. We now know that there is little spiritual potency in either the Trinitarian or Unitarian dogmas, but we do accept the doctrine of the essential worth of man, the recuperative power of human nature, the doctrine that man is the architect of his own destiny. We see that Pelagius was in line with modern thought, and thinkers of all time,—Galileo, Copernicus, Priestly, Darwin, Channing, Emerson and Parker.

We are told that Pelagianism died out slowly in the West, though students of British life think traces of this heresy still survive. There is what is called the "black spot" in South Wales where for a hundred years the Unitarian heresy has flourished. In connection with which there is the story of the heroic struggle of the monk, St. David, who tried to Christianize Wales and blot out the awful heresy of Pelagianism.

In the Protestant Church, although there is an assumed assent to the doctrines against which Pelagius fought, there are attempts being made to eliminate these outgrown formulas. It is evidenced over and over again in the revision of the creeds of today. The last attempt is that of our Baptist friends, recently reported in our papers, a creed suggested by the Rev. Woodman Bradbury of Cambridge, Mass., who criticizes the apostles creed as "containing phrases which the modern mind cannot accept on their face value." The new declaration reads:

I believe in God, the Father of all races; in Jesus Christ, Our Lord, and in the Holy Ghost, the purifier of hearts of men.

I believe in the gospel as the power of God, and the wisdom of God, and in Christian good-will as the force to transform the world.

I believe in the church universal, the communion of the good, the coming of the kingdom and the life everlasting.

Pelagius is coming to his own. In this statement there is no "fall," no "Eden," no "Hell," no devil. Nor is there any hint of the logical conclusions of the doctrine of the fall—total depravity, infant damnation, etc., nor of the eight or nine counts elaborating the postulates written by Cælestius.

We believe in the Catholic Church of which the Church of Rome is a section. In it we find great power and beauty. We love the church for its wealth of history, for its depth of spiritual experience, for its shining lights of blessed souls, whom we find ourselves canonizing as saints in our own hearts without asking leave of any council. But it is true that they have persisted in the world by virtue of these decrees which seem antagonistic to science, revolting to all sense of justice and to any intelligent conception of God or man.

Browning's words as found in "Apparent Failure" need no comment:

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, proved accurst.

---

(1) Give meager facts known of Pelagius origin and life.
(2) What were his main contentions?
(3) Who were his most prominent adversaries?
(4) Where have his teachings survived?
(5) Memorize Browning's lines quoted in lesson.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear UNITY:

Will you not call attention to the wonderful address against Preparedness by Representative Meyer London before Congress, I think on the 18th of last January; one of the most logical and unanswerable I have seen? It does seem as if the Peace people might be better organized than they are. Thousands, with me, are blessing you for your trumpet tones against this insanity of armament. Gratefully yours,

Jamestown, N. Y. ISABEL HARRINGTON.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

UNITY ENDOWMENT.

An Acknowledgment and an Announcement.

It was the hope of the committee appointed to complete the $30,000 necessary to endow Unity, that it might report at the postponed annual meeting of All Souls Church on March 16th that all of the money had been subscribed. When Mr. Jones left for Europe the account stood as follows:

Collected by Mr. Jones on the first $5,000.00		$ 4,949.00
Unpaid pledges		51.00
		$ 5,000.00
Collected by Undersigned Committee		$18,453.28
Unpaid pledges		5,420.00
Pledged by Mr. Jones		1,126.72
		$30,000.00

It was with the desire of relieving Mr. Jones of his self-assumed obligation that this committee sent out about 700 letters to the friends of Unity, stating the case. We are grateful to the 125 persons who have responded to our letters, either by enclosing a subscription or explaining why they could not do so.

The responses to our letters have brought the following results, to date:

Due to Mr. Jones		$1,126.28
Received from special letters sent February 9, 1916	$742.28	
Unpaid pledges	90.00	
Total		842.28
Balance still due on Mr. Jones' account		$ 274.28

A more detailed account of the fund will be published in the annual report of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The "Home Office" of Unity wishes to express its gratitude to its friends and supporters for their faith in, and sympathy for its ideals, as well as for the material support which it has received.

The account will stand closed, with no further solicitation for funds. It is hoped, however, that someone will come forward and pay off the $274.28 still due on the balance of Mr. Jones' obligation.

The Committee also wishes to remind the few friends whose subscriptions are still unpaid that we shall be grateful for the amounts whenever they can be conveniently sent.

Respectfully submitted,
Jessie E. Shears-Carnovale,
Chairman.
Mrs. Edwin Lyman Lobdell,
Committee.

March 28, 1916.

THE MARCH LINCOLN CENTRE FELLOWSHIP DINNER.

The Lincoln Centre Fellowship at its March meeting welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Jones home from their European trip and listened with much interest to Mr. Jones' story of the Ford Peace Expedition. The members also grasped at the chance to ask many questions. As one speaker observed, the newspaper reports have so warped and beclouded the real issues involved in the venture, have so satirized and belittled the intentions of the voyagers whose reputation for sanity and sincerity had been thoroughly established in their various neighborhoods for many years, that it was an opportunity to get at the true inwardness of the matter not to be lost.

Mr. Jones made no attempt to evade these inquiries, though he frankly stated his inability to answer when he was asked to fix a date and a place and the *modus operandi* at, and by which, final international peace of the kind asked for by the Ford argonauts should be concluded.

A prophecy was ventured in UNITY several weeks ago that the time would come—whatever the outcome of the Ford Expedition—when the readers of the daily press would feel that that venture as a yellow journalistic joke, pure and simple, had served its purpose to such an exaggerated degree as to bring about a revulsion of feeling among the lovers of fair play, and the admirers of honest, sincere enthusiasm in any high cause.

That that time has arrived is proven every day by the constantly increasing demands for Mr. Jones's voice and presence to speak on this topic. Within a fortnight of his return he has been eagerly sought and engagements made for addresses on this subject, combined with Peace and Preparedness, at many places, including Arlington Heights, Decatur and Granite City, of Illinois, the Woman's Peace Society at the Woman's Club, Chicago, the Parents Association of Austin, the Sherman Park Civic Club, Chicago; the Commonwealth Club of Chicago; the Southern Club of Chicago; The Quadrangle Club of the University of Chicago; Streator, Ill.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Ann Arbor, Mich.; Washington Park Congregational Church, Chicago; Peoria; Ashland, Neb.; Wayne, Neb.; Sioux City,

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Ia.; Oak Park, Ill.; Danville, Ind.; Church of the Redeemer in Chicago; South Bend, Ind.; the Forum, Chicago; the Philosophical Society, Denver, and also the public schools at Denver.

And still the telegraph and telephone lines and the postal service are kept at high temperature by the increasing clamor of clubs, churches, colleges and communities for Mr. Jones to go and tell them the unvarnished truth about the Ford Expedition; the spirit that inaugurated it, what it hoped to do, and how far it has succeeded in accomplishing its purpose. A. L. K.

THE CHILD.

A few weeks ago, while on my way to church I saw a long line of children walking two by two, the little six-year-olds in front, and groups of every intermediate age followed, till at the end of the line were those about twelve or fourteen, in all nearly fifty children, I should say—led and guided by two women. I guessed them to be children from a nearby orphan's home out for an airing, for it was an unseasonably warm Sunday when it would have been cruel to keep young growing children indoors. They might have been on their way home from some Sunday School and their leaders wisely chose a longer way home to give them the benefit of the beautiful out-of-doors.

However it was, they were there—half a hundred little souls with no particular one in all this great, beautiful world to be glad *for* and *with* them; no one to *love* them back to life when their feet slipped almost over the brink; just a lump of "institutional humanity" to be tossed about by the waves of life, and with no particular haven of refuge.

Physicians have stated that many an "institution baby" has died simply because there was no mother-love drawing it toward life; and that many a baby whom the doctors said they could not save, lived when the mother-love refused to let it die. And as I thought of this statement concerning physical life and death, I thought of the moral life or death of these unfortunate little souls, when out in the world when "institution" days were over, with no special person interested in them and their rise or fall in the battle of life.

Again the words of the poet so recently quoted here recurred to me:

"He who gives a child a home,
Builds palaces in Kingdom come."

If each childless home would open its door to but one of "these little ones," how heaven would lie round about us. How enriched would be the lives of the foster-parents, even though to succor "one of these" meant some sacrifice.

Many noble souls, thank the Lord! have opened their hearts and homes to not only one child, but several—even though it meant—as I could testify in one case—that "mother" gives up many things and "father" wears a shabby coat and necktie—but a shining countenance, that little foster daughter with her black eyes and curls might have a pretty frock and a rose-pink coat to wear to Sunday School, whither she was happily led by "father" every Sunday. And this in their "old age," after having reared and "married off" several other adopted children. Truly,

"He who gives a child a home,
Builds palaces in Kingdom come."

—M. B. P.

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A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF

Here are some of the big things that Poet Lore has done. This list, without further comment, shows why Poet Lore is the only magazine in America that is indispensable to all those readers who are on the lookout for *new* genius the moment it appears, instead of waiting to fall into line after this genius has been discovered by others. Read this list carefully.

In 1889 Poet Lore pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1891 Poet Lore made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg.

In 1892 Poet Lore brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Bjornson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Bjornson himself.

In 1893 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.*

In 1894 Poet Lore published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

In 1895 there appeared in Poet Lore Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides."

In 1897 Poet Lore brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann.

In 1898 Poet Lore published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 Poet Lore contained a story of Selma Lagerlof.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of Poet Lore.

In 1903 the readers of Poet Lore were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux.

In 1904 Poet Lore began the publication of Gorky's plays.

In 1905 Poet Lore was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 Poet Lore presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by Poet Lore.

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